"Not know the meaning, widow, widow! And working, as work you must?"
Not know the terrible meaning of care. That cuts the brain like rust?"
The gray-haired descon doubtingly smiled, "But I take the lord on trust,"

Says the smiling widow; "I'm just as sure, if my little stock be spent, and the flour be gone, and the money he needed for rent, That He who knows when a sparrow falls, and whither a thought is sent;

"And where the down of the thistle blows, And the course of the fickle wind, And how the underworld paints the rose, Without leaving a drop behind; And why there are never two leaves alike, Though a million leaves you and;

"And why ocean, Sound by a mighty will, Is yet in it's vastness free—Can, without stint, from his bourtiful store, Give to my bables and me, as that day must follow the risen dawn, Or that rivers find the sen."—Christian Weekly.

Miscellany.

In the Country.

A WRITER of "Roral Notes" in the Providence Journal discourses as follows:
Children love the country and are never so happy as when reveling in its freedom and simplicity. Mamma, however, must not mind if aprons are soiled, and that Johnny comes in with suplement checks. Johnny comes in with sunburnt cheeks, torn pants, and shoes odorous of the pig-pen or barnyard. The unadulterated coun-try is the thing, not a fashionable hotel in

he country.

Here, in this old farmbouse, in a pure, nalloyed farming town, are a trio of city children, waiting to take their turn in riding old Rollo, whose sobriety, coming of years and discretion, for he has seen about thirty summers, is sufficient to warrant the little people mounting and riding slong the shady roadside, under the leafy naples that make a grove of the thorough-

Now it is Johnny's turn, and he bestrides the steed, and with lofty bearing he rides out into the yard; thinks his speed not besitting his elevated situation,

"I will ask her. If she likes it, yes." so starts into a trot. He bumps up and down, his face nearing at every step the horse's neck, and inwardly concludes that "slow and sure" is the best motto on horse-

Now Miss Alice is assisted to the saddle. Now Miss Alice is assisted to the saddle.

This little woman, just in her teens, feels that her ladyhood is at stake, and sits erect, holds the maple bough riding stick very daintily, and rides off in queenly style on her palfrey, more satisfied than "lady gaye," of yore.

Last of all the wee bairn is tossed up on

Last of all the wee bairn is tossed up on the seat of honor, and held there while old Rollo solemnly promenades back and forth as if conscious that a delicate bit was intrusted to his broad back. Perhaps more truly that he prefers this pace to any friskiness of youthful blood.

The cavalry expedition over, Rollo is

friskiness of youthful blood.

The cavalry expedition over, Rollo is turned loose in the spacious green that surrounds the house. He nips at the sweet briar bushes over the garden feace, and having a cultivated taste, considers and considers an the propriety of walking through the gar-den-gate, left open by the thoughtless lit-tle hands, so in he goes to indulge in a little "garding sarse," when the voice of

analder pole and a hook made of a bent pin. O, here comes a little trout on the end of the line. I pity his fate, not yet believing that he likes to be caught, but such is the lot of fishes, great and small.

There goes the "wee bairn's foot kneedeep into the brook, so we must hie homeward; at this juncture, too, the dinner bell ward; at this juncture, too, the dinner bell at the property of the

field, and "Comin' thro' the rye" is the

were, and the hay, or rather the rye cart, drawn by two stout horses, is taken possession of by the party. Even the "wee bairn" goes, and down over the bridge we had not been seemed as an accordance of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had not been seemed as a state of the bridge we had a state of the bridge shakes and bumps, all productive of

From the rye field, while the care is to ing loaded, the party stray to the river, and take a lesson in geology, and also in skipping stones. A huge rock, a perfect skipping stones. A huge rock, a perfect neck.

"It will grow," said she.

"Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing holted up and strapped. From the rye field, while the cart is be-

on the now loaded cart, and ride home among the ripened sheaves, a bloomy con-trast to the hoary-headed grain. The others plod on after—thinking of "first all these years. Don't throw them away. the blade, then the ear, then the full corn Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't

blossoms as to wheat and corn.

The yellow golden rod nods to us all along the way, and we stop to gather the lovely maiden hair ferns to twine about hats, singing as an apt accompani-

All around my hat I wear a weeping willow." Only three o'clock! Why, days here are as long as six in the city. The young people turn to the ever-waiting talls and mallets, and the laugh and shout tells of the freshness of youth and hearts brimful of gladness.

A CORRESPONDENT tells the following joke in connection with the recent visit of Mr. Greeley to the Agricultural Fair at Lafayette, Ind.:

While looking at the various agricultural implements on exhibition at the fair, he was introduced to Mr. W. S. Lingle, editor the Lafayette Courier. Bowing politely, Mr. Lingle said he was exhibiting on the grounds a new corn sheller, an invention of his own, and he asked Mr. Greeley to go with him to inspect it. Mr. Greeley to willingly assented, and the two started off. Mr. Lingle led the way to the pig sties and showed Mr. Greeley the meanest looking hog in all Indians. Its nose was two feet long, and its back as sharp as a carving looking to the most of the shareholders; he was bidding the sailor's ration of grog, or the prisoner's supply of tobacco, an easily applicable and most effective means of punishment. We have long and its back as sharp as a carving looking the sailor's ration of grog, or the prisoner's supply of tobacco, an easily applicable and most effective means of punishment. We ing knife. Its legs were like those of a crane, and its tail couldn't have been Lingle pointed to this wonderful quadruped with infinite pride and said: "There, sir, is my patent corn sheller. What do you think of it?" Mr. Greeley looked at Mr. Lingle, and then at the wonderful hog. Presently a broad smile beamed on his fact, and he turned away without uttering s word, feeling, doubtless, completely

young gentleman, dressed very iashionably, and who sports a nice cane, had the starch taken out of him on last Sunday in this wise: The caue he carries is a murand as the gentlemen entered the church the two parts of the cane became separated. The gentleman started down the aisle with a formidable looking dagger in his hand and he was about?"

Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something, and the cars rushed on at a the figure he was cutting, un il the titter-ing of some of the beholders informed I heard some question. him of his warlike appearance in the How many miles an hour were we mak-house of God. In much confusion he ing? I didn't know. cought the balance of the cane, which had Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now fallen nearthe door, and, losing his forti-tude, left the church disgusted."

THE system of trial by jury will seen be take great pleasure in escorting you out the night. Only when our attention to introduced into Spain.

SOUTH-EASTERN INDEPENDENT.

VOLUME I ..

MCCONNELLSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871.

NUMBER 25.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It was a southwestern road, running, so we will say, from A to Z. At A my good old mother lived; at Z I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and baby; and I always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man

Granby. You see Granby was one of the share holders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk with him and we were friends. He often rode from Z to A, and back again with me, and once he said: "You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Guelden."

"I never heard of it," said I. "I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some among us now. I'll propose you if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have nights

"Ask whom?" said he.

"Joe," said I.
"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you my dear,' and we should have no club t all," said Granby. But I made no answer. At home I told She said:

Joe. She said:
"I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and then if Granby belongs they must be superior men."
"No doubt," said L.

his master, prone among the cucumber vine, shouts, "Ho, Rollo, get out of here!"

The knowing creature pricks up his ears, and obeys the order with a shake and a nod, which says: "O, I didn't know you were there, sir."

Then there is fishing in the brook with a shake and a came to puns. I heard somebody say to Granby: "By George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first." Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned analder pole and a hook made of a bent Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than

At dinner our host talks about the rye in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Joes.

"And look like one," said Joes, and went music suggested.

"And look like one," said Joes, and went music suggested.

The children are clamorous for a ride in the big hay cart down to the rye field, so spare bed room.

"And look like one," said Joe; and went spare bed room. One club night as I was dressed to go,

be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask me what 1 mean. You

know."
"Joe," said I, "its only on club night."
"It will grow," said she.

ed man of the party can discourse to his cager disciples—while wee Blue Eyes grows red in the face hurling pebbles into the fair Connections. After the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words grows red in the face hurling pebbles into the fair Connecticut. After the lecture all night, but all the days of the week will be take to skipping stones and watching the little facker. I have often heard you wonder little fishes.

Back to the rye field; the children climb what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand

ruin yourself."

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child. I'll never pain

And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution. I couldn't get home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Al-rea by I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a

take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time. The San Francisco glittered in the sun. The San Francisco gittered in the san.
The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Among them

"Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye Lue." I most effective means of punishment. We heard him say; "don't be nervous. The bave known many a youngster, unterrified San Francisco is the safest engine on the by the threats of the rod and the dark line, and Guelden the most careful en-gineer. I would't be afraid to trust every mortal I love to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together.

Five hours from L to D.; five hours and amphibious, under 2,000; fishes, at back. On the last I should be myself about 10,000; insects, at above 160,000; again, I knew now. I saw a red flutter, crustacea and arachnida, rather above THE Peoria (III.) Transcript says: "A ngain, I knew now. I saw a red flutter, crustaces and arachnids, rather above oung gentleman, dressed very issbiona and never guessed what it was until we 10,000; mollusca, about 20,000; worms

fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me.

talkative.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Joe. Some people call me unsociable and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few friends—dear ones, too—I did not have so many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house which held my wife and taby was the dearest spot on earth to me except the old house that held my mother, up at A.

I never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way and never should if it hedre! The news had gone to A, and people came thronging down to find their friends. The dead were stretched on the grass. I went with some of the distracted to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there all in their rigid horror—an old wo-children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish—they locked like—oh, heaven! they were my old mother, my wife, my children; all cold and dead.

How did they come on the train? What How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair, I gazed in the good old face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could—never would be. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eye giared on me; I flung myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms.

> I opened my eyes and saw my wife. "How do you feel?" said she; "a little better f" I was so rejoiced and astonished by the

"His head is extremely hot," said some

sight of her that I could not speak at first.
She repeated the question.
"I must be crushed to pieces," said I,
"for the train went over me; but I feel no

"There he goes about that train again," said my wife; "Why, Ned!"

I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me. I was in my own room; pposite to me a crib in which my two hildren were asleep; beside me a tiny bald had. My wife and children were safe! Was I delirious, or what could it be? "Joe," cried I, "tell me what has hap-

"Joe," cried I, "tell me what has happened!"
"It's nine c'clock," said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half-way to A, I suppose, and you have been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.
It was only a dream; only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were reality.

though it were reality.
"Is there a Bible in the house,

"Are we heathens?" asked Joe. "Give it to me this moment," Jos She brought it, and I put my hard on it and took the osth (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as It has so often been—" The engineer was drunk!"

Pecket-Money.

IF such generosity as that of Mrs. Prim-rose, who gave each of her girls a guinea to keep in her pocket, but with strict inections never to change it, would satisfy the greedy youngsters of our generation their parents would not object to its exercise. The children, however, of these days are provoked by too many temptations to expense, to be contented with being made the mere depositaries of money. They know too well the capabilities of a dollar to be satisfied with the ring and of a donar to be satisfied with the ring and touch of it. It is not possible to keep the young in ignorance of that which fulfills so universal and important a function in the relations of the world as money. They must necessarily, from the earliest age, be-come more or less familiar with its power, and it is desirable that they should learn, as soon as possible, how to use it with dis-

It is a prudent practice, we think, to rive children a regular allowance of mon-ity. This, apart from the opportunity it supplies of gratifying their small and in-nocent desires, and thus adding to their appiness, affords parents and guardians riodical occasions for inculcating discre-

ion in expenditure, and observing the ef-When children are somewhat advanced in years, it is well to make the allowances of money sufficiently large not only to pay for the innocent enjoyments which are per-mitted, but for various articles of need. They thus learn early to discriminate be tween necessary and unnecessary expendi-ture, and with the not infrequent good re-

sult of checking the latter.

Parents should be, within certain prudent limits, as generous in their allowances of money to children as their means will permit. Lord Bacon says: "The illiberality of parents in allowance toward their children is a harmful error, and makes them base, acquaints them with shifts, makes them sort with mean company, and makes them surfeit more when they come to plenty; and therefore the proof is best when men keep their au-thority towards their children, but not

their purse."

The tendency of youth to excess must always be regarded as a reasonable motive for keeping the supply of pocket money within reasonable limits. No child should have the means of inordinate indulgence; and as his capacity of stomach for tarts and sweets is only to be checked by the emptiness of his purse, it becomes neces-sary to compensate for the boundlessness of the one by the smallness of the other.

There is a negative advantage in the pocket-money system which has been proved in the course of a considerable excloset, however imminent, subdued at the least hint of the possibility of losing his pocket money.—Harver's Basar.

I said I'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off.

We were off.

THE number of species of animals known to be now living is thus given by Mr. Bentham: The number of mammalia is estimated at between 2,000 and 3,000 species; birds, at about 10,000; reptiles bly, and who sports a nice cane, had the 'starch taken out of him' on last Sunday in this wise: The caue he carries is a murderous sword cane, though it don't appear to be. The fistening had become loosened, "Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know single botanist, while such a work on animals would have to be accomplished by a division of labor among zoologists.

> A SUMMER boarder (a very close calcula-tor) recently astonished the landlord by asking him how much he was going to deduct from his board bill because he had two teeth extracted.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

I am an engineer. Ever since—
road was laid, I've traveled it every day, of my life.
For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, it I say it, as the best.

do—was it this or that? Faster or slower?
I was playing with the engine like a child.
Sudden.y there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the chore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge and there gazed at my work.

The question that a woman should ask concerning the man she marries, ought not so much to be, "What are his intentions?" but "What is his capacity?" eralizations:

1. The question that a woman should ask concerning the man she marries, ought not so much to be, "What is his capacity?" the witness he? How much can be endure of life's most uppromising reality, and come out more than conqueror? He managed, it I say it, as the best.

The question that a woman should ask concerning the man she marries, ought not so much to be, "What is his capacity?" the witness of life's most uppromising reality, and come out more than conqueror? He work.

Work.

The question that a woman should ask concerning the man she marries, ought not so much to be, "What are his intentions?" but "What is his capacity?" the witness he? How much can be endure of life's most uppromising reality, and come out more than conqueror? He was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not so much to be, "What is his capacity?" the water is a child.

Sudden.y there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not so much to be, "What are his intentions?" but "what is his capacity?" the water is a child.

Sudden.y there was a horrible roar—a crash. I was flung somewhere. I was in the concerning the man should ask concerning the man should ask.

In the fourth meteorological Rep work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead and dying and wounded were strewn around—men and women and children—old age and tender youth.

and come out more than conqueror? He states during the months of November, December, January, February and March, which are the only months to which these generalizations apply. were strewn around—men and women and children—old age and tender youth. There were groans and shricks of despair. The mained cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering "Murder!"

The summer-day qualifications! Has he in his nature the stern stuff of which heroes are made? Does he esteem virtue to be of more value than the tricks and manners of an artful Jezebel? Does he stand with uncovered head and moistened eyes in the presence of a tender self-abnegation that can engine a very constitution for lower.

The summer-day qualifications! Has he in his nature the stern stuff of which heroes are made? Does he esteem virtue to be of more value than the tricks and manners of an artful Jezebel? Does he stand with uncovered head and moistened eyes in the presence of a tender self-abnegation.

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The summer-day qualifications! Has he in his nature the stern stuff of which heroes are made? Does he stand with uncovered head and moistened eyes in the presence of a tender self-abnegation.

The summer-day qualifications is the sum the strength of the storm are made? Does he stand with uncovered head and moistened eyes in the storm are made? Does he stand with that can endure even crucifixion for love's dear sake, and utter no word of complaint, but only a prayer for strength? Or does he find in the awful majesty of such a nature an uncomprehended mystery, that dazzles, and blinds, and makes afraid until he would fain flee from its presence, even while it was suffering and dying for his sake? If the latter, he describes to he would fain the fatter, he describes to he would fain the fatter, he describes to he will be the connecticut River in twenty-four hours, and deserves no blame; he did not choose his organization; so cover his memory with the mantle of an imperishable love that he may never understand, and then go thy way in peace! Sleeping or waking, the world is broad enough for two, and there be some mysteries that must wait for the long eternity to solve. * * * On the other hand, a man who resolves to risk the precarious combination, matrimony and poverty, should choose a wife with the austerity of judgment, rather than to gratify the passing hunger of a temporary appetite. "A men well married is winged; badly married, he is shackled."
The terms well married and badly mar-

ried become more complicated when poverty is to be considered. If a man has wealth, he has but to choose a pretty lay-figure for dress and jewels. Mind and near the center of the storm, and rise beheart are of no consequence; snimal beauty is sufficient. If, however, he has only poverty and affection to offer, the choice becomes more difficult. He has, on the one hand, to avoid the delicate creature whose overwrought sensibilities would be inadequate to the heroic strug-gles or the cruel privations of his lot; and, on the other hand, he must not choose a coarse-grained creature, who will bring up his children to defective education and vulgar associates, and fill his house with persons whose society can afford neither sure nor profit.

It has been well and truly said that "a man who would have fine guests must have a fine wife;" for it is she who shall letermine whether the Lares and Penates of a home shall bring spiritual visions of divine rest and beauty, or suggest only sensuous dreams of physical comfort. It is the wife whom the neighbors weigh and measure, from back windows and front measure, from back windows and front dependence meetings, when decreases and by chance meetings, when decreases and the barometer begins to rise. they hand in the social verdict as to whether the Smiths or Browns are "anybody," and worth inviting in a select circle to meet distinguished guests. It is the wife who must make the dignity of her own individuality appearant irrespective of her individuality appearant irrespective of her own individuality appearant surroundings or her husband's poverty or wealth. It is the wife who shall train the children for her own social status; for in poverty, not less than in wealth, the children of heroic parents may become fitted for the greatest intellectual honors and social triumphs. To do this, however, restrictions of the united States.

18. In the northern parts of the United States.

18. In the northern parts of the United States, the wind, generally in great storms, east in from the northern than in the southern parts of the United States. dren of heroic parents may become fitted for the greatest intellectual honors and so-cial triumphs. To do this, however, requires a nice discrimination, that there be no undue attention to non-essentials, to the neglect of essentials. No slavery dress, that robs the heart and mind of proper attention. No resorting to petty shams of ostentation, as if poverty were a 20 During ti degradation and the appearance of wealth ennobling; for of this be assured, the children who are taught to be ashamed of poverty will grow to be not afraid of any crime that will bring the real or simulated wealth. The children, on the other hand, who are taught that a good book is better 2. During the high bard

themselves resources that will one day bring them not only wealth, but honor and usefulness, and the happiness incident storm is in the middle of the United bring them not only wealth, but honor and usefulness, and the happiness incident to such possessions. Poverty, under such circumstances, becomes exalted to heroism, and shames into insignificance the glare ity. Very inferior actors and actresses are chosen to wear the tinsel splendor and support the pompous stupidities of Kings and Queens, yet to Genius is allotted the minimum barometer does not exhibit and glitter of ignorant, flaunting prospercharacter that thinks, and acts, and speaks the awful tragedy of animate existence To impress these truths upon the minds of children is the mother's work, and in of children is the mother's work, and in choosing a wife a man should consider his children, and remember the old adage that "an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy." Married to a noble and affectionate woman, a true man will sink neither in his own estimation nor in the estimation of those whose esteem is valuable on account of his poverty. It is only the corrupt and ignorant who attach disgrace travels with that center toward the east-ward.

From these experiments it may safely be inferred, contrary to the general belief of scientific men, that vapor permeates the air from a high to a low dew point with extreme slowness, if, indeed, it permeates it at all; and in meteorology, it will hereaften ward. corrupt and ignorant who attach disgrace corrupt and ignorant who attach disgrace to poverty, or feel respect for mere wealth. Some one has declared those only to be poor who feel poor, and no sensible man or woman can feel impoverished who has gained the life long companionship of a loving and congenial nature, whom neither sickness nor softow, nor things present nor things to come, can estrange.—Chicago

Relative Rank of Cities.

THE cities of New York, Philadelphia and Brooklyn maintain the same relative rank as to population that they did in 1869. There has been considerable shifting of places, however, among those that now constitute the remainder of the twenty foremost cities of the Union: During the last decade St. Louis has ascended the scale from the eighth to the fourth.

Chicago, in a similar proportion, changes from the ninth to the fifth. Baltimore, which in 1860 was the fourth, retrogrades to the sixth. Boston pursues the same direction, from the fifth to the seventh. Cincinnati retires a step, from the sev

enth to the eighth. New Orleans falls back from the sixth to the ninth.
San Francisco, taking a noble forward leap, vaults from the fifteenth to the tenth. Buffalo lags behind, from the tenth to the eleventh. Washington makes a stride from

fourteenth to the twelfth. Newark, New Jersey's thriving metro olis, drops, nevertheless, from the eleventh to the thirteenth. Louisville, twelfth in rank in 1860, is now assigned to the fourteenth.

Cleveland, four steps forward, mounts from the nineteenth to the fifteenth. Pitisburgh alone retains the same rela tive rank now as then, the sixteenth. Jersey City rises from the twentieth to the importance of seventeenth.

Detroit recedes from the seventeenth

the eighteenth.

Milwaukee from the eighteenth to Albany, which was, ten years ago, the thirteenth, now takes the old place of Jersey City as the twentieth.

In 1860 the citizens of St. Anthony appointed a committee to meet Mr. Seward and others who were proposing to visit the town. By some chance the committee did not meet the party until they had reached their hotel, when the spokesman, by way of spology, said: "Mr. Seward, we are sorry indeed that we did not have the opportunity of escorting you into has flown like a swallow across it by day-town; but we beg to assure you we aball light, and insists on holding it fast through

3. This central line of minimum pres-sure is generally of great length from north to south, and moves side foremost

necticut River in twenty-four hours, and from the Connecticut to St. John, Newfoundland, in nearly the same, or about

thirty-six miles an hour. 6. When the barometer falls suddenly in the western part of New England, it rises at the same time in the valley of the Mississippi, and also at St. John, New-foundland.

7. In great storms the wind for several hundred miles on both sides of the line of minimum pressure blows toward that line 8. The force of the wind is in propor-tion to the suddenness and greatness of the depression of the barometer.

9. In all great and sudden depressions of the barometer there is much rain or snow; and in all sudden great raiss or snow there 10. Many storms are of great and unknown length from north to south, reach-ing beyond our observers on the Gulf of Mexico and on the northern lakes, while

their east and west diameter is compara-tively small. The storms therefore move 11. Most storms commence in the " far West," beyond our most western observers, but some commence in the United

12. When a storm commences in the United States, the line of minimum pressure does not come from the "far West," but commences with the storm, and travels with it toward the eastward.

13. There is generally a lull of wind at

are generally greater in the northern than sets in from the north of east and termi-nates from the rorth of west.

19. In the southern parts of the United States, the wind generally sets in from the

20. During the passage of storms the wind generally changes from the eastward to the westward by the south, especially in the southern parts of the United States. 21. The northern part of the storm generally trace's more rapidly towards the

22. During the high barometer on the than a fine dress, and education the work of years, while clothes may be purchased clear and mild in temperature, especially in an hour, will become so noble if very cold weather preceded.
in their poverty as to develop in 23. The temperature generally falls sud-

> States, the lowest temperature of the month will be in the west on the same day that the highest temperature is in the minimum barometer does not exhibit itself in a line of great length, extending from north to south, but it is confined to a region near the center of the storm, and travels with that center toward the east-

better things, and he was_determined to make the endeavor.

It was the turning-point of his life, but was the turning-point of his life, but was his conduct and such his process in study that his teacher advised him by gover their or experience of air centaining it.—Scientife American.

Dreams.

Dreams are to our waking thoughts in whe like echoes to music; but their reverberations are so partial, so varied, so complex, that it is almost in vain that we seek among the notes of consciousness for the echoes of the dream. If we could by any means accratian on what principle our dreams for a given night are arranged, and why one idea more than another furnishes their cae, it would be comparatively easy to follow out the chain of associations by which they unroll themselves afterward, and to note the singular case and delicacy where he substitute to the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand to the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand to the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand and to not the singular case and delicacy why which they unroll themselves afterward, and to not the singular case and delicacy where he substitute to be a comparatively easy to follow out the chain of associations by which they unroll themselves afterward, and to not the singular case and delicacy why which they unroll themselves afterward and to not the singular case and delicacy where he was a present and the many the process of the then Governor of the law of such that the choice of the memory. Certain broad rules, however, may be remarked as obtaining generally, as regards the topics of dreams.

In the first place of the whole world was a familiar with the name that made me, before the first place of the consent, and the world was familiar with the name the mean of the present with the condit

In the first place, if we have any present considerable physical sensation or pain, such as may be produced by a wound, or than to any other living person." We customed sound, we are pretty sure to dream of it in preference to any subject of mental interest only. Again, if we have merely a slight sensation of uneasiness, insufficient to cause a dream, it will yet be enough to color a dream otherwise suggested with a disagreeable hue. Failing to have a dream suggested to it by present physical sensation, the brain seems to regested with a disagreeable hue. Failing to have a dream suggested to it by present physical sensation, the brain seems to revert to the subjects of thoughts of the previous day, or of some former period [of life, and to take up one or other of them as a theme on which to play variations. As before remarked, the grounds of choice previous day, or of some former period [of life, and fo take up one or other of them as a theme on which to play variations. As before remarked, the grounds of choice among all such subjects cannot be ascertained; but the predilection of Morpheus for those which we have not in our waking hours thought most interesting, is very noticeable. Very rarely indeed do our dreams take up the matter which has dreams take up the matter which has most engrossed us for hours before we sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes to play and the hour before we sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes to play and the hour before we have a sleep. The highest farm in the work in the law of the hour before the hour befo

the bounds of health, and we have been morbidly excited about it, does the main topic of the day recur to us in dreaming at night; and that it should do so, ought al-ways, I imagine, to serve as a warning that we have strained our mental powers a little too far. Lastly, there are dreams whose origin is not in any past thought, but in some sentiment vivid and pervading enough to make itself dumbly felt, even in sleep. Of the nature of the dreams so caused, we shall speak presently.

The subject of a dream being, as we must now suppose, suggested to the brain on some such principle as the above, the next thing to be noted is, How does the next thing to be noted is, How does the brain treat its theme when it has got it? Does it drily reflect upon it, as we are wont to do awake? Or does it pursue a course wholly foreign to the laws of waking thoughts? It does, I conceive, neither one nor the other, but treats its theme, whenever it is possible to do so, according to a certain very important, though obscure, law of thought, whose action we are too apt to ignore. We have been accustomed to consider the myth-creating power of the human mind as one specially power of the human mind as one specially belonging to the earlier stages of growth of society and of the individual. It will throw, I think, a rather curious light on the subject if we discover that this instinct exists in every one of us, and exerts itself with more or less energy through the whole of our lives. In hours of wak-ing consciousness, indeed, it is suppressed, or has only the narrowest range of exer-cise, as the tendency, noticeable to all per-sons not of in the very strictest veracity. to supplement an incomplete anecdote with explanatory incidents, or throw a slightly-known story into the dramatic form, with dialogues constructed out of our own consciousness. But such small play of the myth-making faculty is nothing compared to its achievements during sleep. The instant that daylight and com-

sleep. The instant that daylight and common sense are excluded, the fairy-work begins. At the very least, half our dreams (unless I greatly err) are nothing else than myths formed by unconscious cerebration of the same approved principles, whereby Greece and India and Scandinavia gave to us the stories which we were once pleased to set apart as "me. letters. THE following is the inscription on the tombstone of "Mary Jane, aged 11 years 8 months," in the Cape May Cemetery: were once pleased to set apart as " mythology" proper. Have we not here, then, evidence that there is a real law of the "She was not smart, she was not fair, But hearts with grief for her are swellin'; And empty stands her little chair— She died of eatin' watermelin," human mind causing us constantly to com-pose ingenious fables explanatory of the

phenomena around us—a law which only sinks into abeyance in the waking hours f persons in whom the reason has been ughly cultivated, and which resumes its sway again over their well-tutored brains when they sleep?—Francis Power Cobb, in Mac Millan's Magazine.

offered to lend it to them as long as they needed it to print another by.

The Early Days of William L. Marcy.

A correspondent of the Liberal Christian tells this story about William L. Marcy:

I spent a day of my vacation at Charlton, Mass. As we rode into the village, on the evening of our arrival, we saw an old man on his way from his house to the barn close by, going, with a pail in hand, to milk the cows. He was ninety-two to milk the cows. He was ninety-two years old. He not only milks the cows, but drives them to pasture and goes after them again every day, just as he has done for I know not how many years. In the morning, as we sat under the piazza of the hotel, the old man was an are the piazza of the hotel, the old man was are marklying alone.

A singular and beautiful incident oc-

for I know not how many years. In the morning, as we sat under the piazza of the botel, the old man was seen walking along the street on the other side, with a quick, energetic step, when Mr. Pratt called him over to the house, and introduced us to him. He sat down and was very chatty, talking over the times that were long ago, and telling us of the years when he taw with men as George Washington and John Adams, and Fisher Ames, and mingled with the great spirits of a generation which seems quite distant from the men of to-day. For General Salem Towne, our yenerable friend, was formerly himself as I have said, feeling very uncomfortable. He walked home from school that night as I have said, feeling very uncomfortable. He had missed a rare bit of sport for one thing; for another he had found out that some one "owed him a grudge;" and another thing was—and John felt this most keenly, perhaps, of the three—that the teacher seemed to think he had shirked his lesson, and considered his lesson, and considered his lesson, and considered his lesson, and considered his pencil. The next day, as a small boy was passing his seat, John dropped his pencil. The boy picked it up and handed it to Adams, and Fisher Ames, and mingled with the great spirits of a generation which seems quite distant from the men of to-day. For General Salem Towne, our venerable friend, was formerly himself a man of mark and influence, well fitted by nature and education to associate with the most eminent of his cotemporaries. The most eminent of his cotemporaries. The General is often spoken of as "the man who made Bill Marcy." Bill Marcy was a native of the immediate vicinity, and grew up to be a wild and hardy youth. He was thought by his parents and by all the neighbors to be the worst boy they knew. One winter he succeded, in conjunction with kindred spirits, in ousting the teacher from the district school. Salem Towne, then a young was summoned as the then a young man, was summoned as the fittest person to take charge of these unruly youths, and complete the term. Everybody thought the new teacher would certainly have trouble with Bill Marcy.

But the trouble did not come. The first day had not passed before Mr. Towne had discovered in his pupil an element of real good, and told him so. This, to the boy, was a most unusual acknowledgement, and it touched his heart. Some one had seen good in him. He was, then, capable of better things, and he was, determined to make the endeavor.

make the endeavor.

It was the turning-point of his life.

than to any other living person." We need not say that the teacher, who has so

to be situated four miles from Sherman Station on the Union Pacific Railroad. It sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes into play, and the brain seems to decide, "I have had enough of politics, or Greek, or fox-hunting, for this time. Now I will amuse myself quite differently." Very often, perhaps we may say generally, it pounces on some transient thought which has flown like a swallow across it by day-like the abeliant fast through.

any subject has more or less transgressed cessful ascensions.

Youths' Department. A BOY'S REVENGE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD. John Ranger walked along on his way home from school one pleasant winter af-ternoon, feeling rather out of sorts. The reason of the uncomfortable feeling in his mind was this: That morning, the boys had proposed building a snow fort on the hill near the school house. For some hill near the school house. For some days the weather had been very "moderate," as people in the country express it, and the snow had become of just the right consistency to roll into balls, and thus facilitate the building of a snow fort in capital style. John had fallen in with the plan very eagerly. He loved sport of that kind as well as any boy in school. When he played he threw all his energies into the sport, and was consequently a leader the sport, and was consequently a leader in all the amusements incident to school life. And I am glad to say that he studied

"lobester?"

The ex-King of Naples lives in the same palace with his wife, Queen Maria, but he has not exchanged a word with her for several years. The Pope some time correctly done, time must be taken from the hour's nooning to study on them. The boys thought of the snow fort to be built, and applied themselves diligently to their lessons. John took his slate and worked inner refused to diverge them. for several years. The Pope some time since refused to divorce them.

A spring looking exceedingly clear and tempting, but strongly impregnated with arsensic, was recently discovered in Nevada. A number of persons were Recitation came. He took his slate and started for the class which was forming on poisoned before its dangerous character the floor. He had got nearly to his place when he saw that the examples he had A JERSEY mother spread her shawl on the beach, laid her infant on it, and then

tage, thus learning the numbers of the boxes of the firms, and demanding their letters.

The following is the inscription on the "Who rubbed them out."

"Who rubbed them out."

It sppears from statements made in It sppears from statements made in Parliament, a short time ago, that the present system of shilling telegrams adopted by the British Government, when it took charge of the telegraph lines of the kingdom, is working finely. The lines are crowded with messages, and from £10,000 to \$15,000 more are being now earned than during the corresponding weeks last year. The question of sixpenny telegrams is under consideration, to be tried as soon as there is a sufficient extension of the lines to accommodate the exback, and the boy passed on. A week passed. A dozen times John found oppor-tunities to pay off his score with Joe, but tunities to pay off his score with Joe, but his better nature told him that it would be more noble and manly to overlook the sion of the lines to accommodate the ex-pected increase of business.

THE Corinne Journal asserts that, by recent chemical analysis, it has been ascer-tained that the water of Great Salt Lake is losing its saline properties at a rate that if it continues in the same ratio as the, last ten years have shown, will freshen it altogether within the present century. A theory is advanced by one of the Yale men that the salt in the lake has not been deposited there more than three hundred and fifty years, and that the changes in the lake from fresh to salt occurs at periods of five to ten centuries. It is also stated that alkalies and salts of the basin will in out I should have drowned."

Vigneron, a man greatly renowned for his strength, was recently killed at Boulogne while performing before a large audience, in a building erected on the sands at the back of the Casino. His great feat was the sustaining on his shoulder of a six-cwt. cannon, while it was being fired by his assistant. On this occasion the assistant applied the match too son. Vigneron had not time to settle himself into his usual position, and, when the discharge took place, the cannon jerked violently aside, instead of recoiling in the usual way. The concussion felled the unfortunate cannon-holder, and inflicted frightful injuries on the right side of his head, from which he died in a very short ime.

glass to see their form. The screws are one-cighth of an inch in diameter, and furnished with hexagonal nu's, loosened and tightened with a spanner. The whole weight of the model is less than a three-penny piece. It works admirably, and its crank shaft performs twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute.

would if she could only know the suffering she will have to endure in after years. Take advice, then; dress so that you feel comfortable, no matter how others do; and never expose yourself more than you can help, and you will stand a chance of enjoying a healthy, and happy old age.—Western Rural.

The Stone to do a Good Turn—The grind stone.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier.

By the payment of annual dividends the Mutual Life, of Chicago, supplies insurance at cost. Insure there.

Dethout has a post-office clerk named Oliver Bedient. One of his commendations is that he is always O. Bedient.

Make friends with life insurance, that when you are old it may comfort you. Remember the Washington Life.

The hair of the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico has turned entirely white. She is only thirty-one years of age.

A correspondent of the Hartford Gourant who has been sailing along the Massachussets coast, wonders why Gloucester is spelled the way it is; and if that is right, why shouldn't lobster be spelled "lobcester?"

The ex-King of Naples lives in the same uses with his establing a long to the form of the must be taken from the hour's nooning to study on them. The THE STONE TO DO A GOOD TURN-The

away busily. Before recitation came he had conquered all difficulties, and had the knotty problems written down for the teacher's inspection.

A JERSEY mother spread her shawl on the beach, laid her infant on it, and then went shell hunting; meantime the tide rose, and when mamma looked around she beheld baby and shawl floating. She bounded after them, and saved both the precious articles.

The Postmaster of Boston cautions business men against the practice of opening letters in the area of the Post Office and throwing the envelopes on the floor. Sharpers turn the practice to their advantage, thus learning the numbers of the boxes of the firms, and demanding their boxes of the firms, and demanding their infant on it, and then written down so carefully were gone. Rubbed out entirely. He stared at the blank slate, with a look of complete bewilderment. He had taken unusual pains with them. When he looked last they were certainly there. Now they were gone. But who had rubbed them out? Some one must have done so. He could not remember that any one had come to his seat, and yet some person had found and taken the opportunity to blot the result of his morning's labor.

"I had the examples he had written down so carefully were gone. Rubbed out entirely. He stared at the blank slate, with a look of complete bewilderment. He had taken unusual pains with them. When he looked last they were certainly there. Now they were gone. But who had rubbed them out? Some one must have done so. He could not remember that any one had come to his seat, and yet some person had found and taken the opportunity to blot the results of his morning's labor.

"I had the examples on my slate, sin."

teacher, in his sharp, stern way.

"I don't know, sir," answered John.

"Are you sure you had them worked out correctly?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered John, flushing up at the doubt implied by the teacher's tone and ouestion.

An old gentleman took a huge volume of and question. history of a thousand pages, with maps and illustrations, into a bookstore, a few days ago, and, saying he wished another copy, offered to lend it to them as long as they needed it to print another by.

and question.

"Very well; as you are unable to produce them, and can accuse no one of having rubbed them out, you may stay in at noon and work on them."

John was too proud to say a word in

could hear their merry laughter, and imagine how they were enjoying themselves. He thought, with a bitter feeling in his heart, that, but for some one of them, he might have enjoyed the sport too. He walked home from school that night

an excuse to get rid of a little labor.

The next day, as a small boy was passing his seat, John dropped his pencil.

The boy picked it up and handed it to him. As he did so, he whispered: "Joe Evans rubbed out your problem yester-day; I saw him do it." John whispered

matter entirely.

One holiday, John obtained permission to go to a pond about a mile from home to skate. When he reached the pond he saw that Joe Evans was there before him. He sat down on the bank and commenced to strap on his skates. Just as he was fastening the first buckle, he heard a cry and the sound of cracking ice, and looking up, he saw that Joe had broken through a thin spot and was struggling in the water. Quickly as possible he sprang to the rescue, and by means of a long pole which was lying on the ice near the scene of the accident, he succeeded in getting Joe out

safely, though much frightened.
"Oh, John!" cried Joe, shivering with terror and cold, "if you hadn't helped me "I guess you would," answered John, quietly.

"And I served you in the way I did!"

cried Joe. "I rubbed out your problems
the day we built the fort!"

"I knew it!" answered John, "I found it out next day."

"And you never told of it!" Joe felt very insignificant in comparison with John Ranger. This was a new way of revenge. "Don't say anything more about it," said John, "but hurry home and get some dry clothes on."

John was satisfied with his revenge. It was a great deal better than paying back in the same kind of coin.—Work

and Play.

Girls, take good care of your health. Don't think because you are perfectly well Don't think because you are perfectly wen now you can expose yourselves in every way, and because it never did hurt you, that it never will. It is no light matter to trifle with one's health, for it is too often a blessing too little appreciated until lost. I know how you feel about such things, for I was once a thoughtless girl too; and although I had a kind mother to give me advice, which I have often wished I had taken I thought then I knew best, and taken, I thought then I knew best, and short," said the Colonel, "for I've taken the pains to weigh it." Neither coaxing nor bullying could change the Colonel's determination, and after the delivery of the twenty-six additional tons, the receipt was signed.

VIGNEBON, a man greatly renowned for

ime.

The smallest steam engine in the world is in possession of John Penn, Greenwich, England. It will stand on a three penny piece; its base plate measures three-eighths of an inch by about three-tenths. A few minutiæ, such as the air-pumps, have been omitted. So small are some of the parts that they require a powerful magnifying glass to see their form. The screws are one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and